

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man.

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POETRY.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood to give back The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart Hath grown familiar with the paths of sin...

"Mother, I'm dying now, There's a deep suffocation on my breast, As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed...

"Never beside your knee Shall I kneel down at night and pray, Nor in the morning wake, and sing the lay...

"Father, I'm going home To that great home you spoke of, that bless'd land Where there is one bright summer, always bland...

"Brother, the little spot I used to call my garden, where long hours We've stay'd to watch the coming buds and flowers...

"Sister, the young rose-tree, That all the spring has been pleasant care, Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair...

"Now, Mother, sing the tune You sang last night, I'm weary, and must sleep— Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep...

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings, And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale, Lay on his couch asleep...

INTERESTING TALES.

Scene in Ticklebrook Church.

(FROM FRENCH'S MAGAZINE.) BOTTOM.—I HAVE AN EXPOSITION of sleep come over me. Midsummer Night's Dream. During a short tour in the month of July 1830, I became weather bound on Saturday afternoon in the pleasant little village of Ticklebrook...

recently vacated, was a respectably dressed, unctuous little personage, whose latitude and longitude presented the same relative proportions as those usually bestowed a collar of brawn—the resemblance thereunto being still further maintained in the mottled lustre of his visage...

or, rather, like a twelve-inch globe, in 'flame coloured taffeta,' appeared the burnished frontispiece of the very worthy whom I left snoring on the precious evening in the Pig and Blunderbuss. That he was a 'stranger,' was evident from the inquiring glances he shot off in quest of a seat; yet nobody took him in...

heat of the weather, some of the doors of the church were necessarily left open during the service. Now, whether it was that he only meditated a retreat from the fervour of the noon-day sun, or that he was compelled to seek the shelter of the sacred edifice from the wanton annoyances of certain profane loiterers in the church yard...

On my return to the inn some two hours after this extraordinary exhibition, I demanded of the waiter what had become of the gentleman who had played so conspicuous a part in it, and learned that he had not yet left his apartment...

close. I might have spared myself this latter work of supererogation; for no sooner had we reached the chamber, and the ear of my companion approached the key-hole, than the listening contraction of his face dilated to a most expansive self-laudatory grin...

From the landlord I gathered, that the party in question had arrived by the London coach some days before; and after taking a hasty dinner, retired to bed, desiring to be called at eight o'clock the next morning; that, at the hour appointed, to the repeated vociferations of the water, 'Tis eight, zur,' accompanied by a furious canonading on the door-panel, no sort of notice was vouchsafed by the inmate...

TO YOUNG MEN.

You are now in the spring season of life. As you sow so will you reap. The world surrounds you with its thousand temptations. Snarers are on every side, for your swift destruction...

comfort of a dog!" Your greatest foes are the fires of alcohol. The sparkling champagne, the foaming beer, the exhilarating gin, the dark powerful brandy, will waste your time, steal your property, ruin your health, enfeeble your understandings...

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

Columbus was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself; Rabelais son of an apothecary; Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook; Moelierson of a tapestry maker; Corvantes served as a common soldier; Homer was a beggar; Hesiod was the son of a small farmer; Demosthenes of a cutter; Terence was a slave; Richardson was a printer; Oliver Cromwell the son of a brewer; Howan an apprentice to a grocer; Benjamin Franklin a printer; Doct. Thomas Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen draper; Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher; Whitefield son of an inn-keeper at Gloucester; Cloudesly Shovel, rear admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy; Bishop Pridenax worked in the kitchen at Exeter College; Cardinal Wolsey son of a butcher; Ferguson a shepherd; Neibuhr was a peasant; Thomas Paine son of a staymaker at Thetford; Dean Tucker was the son of a farmer in Cardiganshire and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot; Edmund Halley the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch; Joseph Hall bishop of Norwich, son of a farmer at Ashby in Zouoh; Hogarth was put apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots; Doctor Mountain, bishop of Durham, was the son of a beggar; Lucian of a statuary; Virgil a potter; Horace of a shop-keeper; Plantus a baker; Shakspeare of a woolstapler; Milton of a money scrivener; Cowley, son of a hatter; Samuel Butler of a farmer; Ben Johnson worked sometime as a bricklayer; Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire; Thomas Chatterton, of a Sexton of Radcliff Church, Bristol; Thomas Gray of a scrivener; Matthew Prior, the son of a joiner in London; Kirk White Theson of a butcher at Nottingham; Bloomfield and Gifford were shoemakers; Person son of a parish clerk.

Rather severe.—An eastern editor in alluding to a rival town says—"that it takes several of their pigs to pull up a blade of grass; that they are so poor, the foremost seizes the spear in his mouth, the balance having taken each other by the tail, when they all give a pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; and if it breaks, the whole tumble to the ground, for want of strength to support themselves!" It must take three or four such pigs to make a shadow.

Some amusing scenes have occurred during the late pressure at New York. One has been related to us. An officer of a bank called at the store of a merchant, and politely informed him that he had overdrawn his account five thousand dollars. "Well,—I know that," was the reply; "and what's the necessity of boring me about it? Why not drop the subject, altogether, and serve me as I do you? I don't go to you when I have that amount in your institution, and say—'Mr. President, I have got \$5,000 in your bank.' Such statements are useless, any way. Good morning!"